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A
POETICAL ESSAY

Devoted to the
Glorious Memory
Of Our Late
QUEEN,

Occasion'd by a Number of
P O E M S,
AND
S E R M O N S,
Upon Her Death.

*Virtutem incolumem odimus,
Sublatam ex oculis quarimus invidi.* Hor:



LONDON, Printed in the Year MDCXCV.

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SERMONS

Upon Her Death

Printed and Sold by J. KNEELAND, at the Sign of the Crown, in St. Pauls Church-yard, London.



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POETICAL ESSAY

Devoted to the
Glorious Memory

OF

Our Late QUEEN;

Occasioned by a Number of *POEMS*, and
SERMONS, upon her Death.

Poets, and Priests, alike aspire to Fame,
In paying Tribute to *MARIA*'s Name:

But with this Difference suited to each Trade,
The Poets lay her in a Past'ral Shade,
While th' others make her Heav'n's High Throne invade.

Yet we this pious Fraud might Priests forgive,
Did they conceal the Arts by which they live:
Since they would have't her chief Design did lie
To raise their Faction, call'd the Church, more high;
To cramp the Blessings of her glorious Reign,
And to a few the Sovereign Good restrain;

A 2

No

No wonder that they her a *Goddeſs* make,
And for Divine her great Example take.

But as ſhe liv'd, above their Forms, ſhe dy'd,
And ſeiz'd that Seal of Grace they'd have deny'd :
Though *Nature* could not, *Faith* the Bread † receiv'd,
While at the Folly of the *Prieſts* ſhe griev'd :
I go, ſhe ſaid, to the Juſt *Judg* above,
Who my ſincere Intentions will approve.
Bleſſ'd Words! inſtructive to all times to come,
Worthy to be inſcrib'd upon her Tomb !
An Abſtraſt of thoſe Vertues of her Life,
Which fitted her to be our *Cæſar's* Wife.

Nor was ſuch Senſe mere Lightning before Death,
(A Beam from Heav'n aſhring her parting Breath)

For long before, her elevated Mind
Was from the Ferment of *Church-Drogs* refin'd.
Churchmen would have the Rights of *Kings* Divine,
Not to be ſever'd till themſelves reſign :
But *She* Religion much more ſacred held,
And that her Father againſt that rebell'd.

To this bright *Cauſe* her *Flare* She reſign'd,
Pleas'd when with *Rebels*, ſo miſcall'd, he join'd :
Nor did She think their *Civil Rights* below
The Benefit, which *Heroes* Mankind owe.

Her

† Alluding to the Diſpute about her receiving the Sacrament, when ſhe was not able to ſwallow.

Her Holy Dreams did the Success prevent,
Anticipating Fate's benign Intent.

A Canopy of State Angels had spread,
And with a *several* Crown adorn'd each Head;
To Man and Wife did equal Right proclaim,
A Right which from the Choice of Heav'n, and Nations, came.

Nor was this all the Vision did contain,
It shew'd the Glories of her *shortned* Reign;
How prais'd, and how admir'd, She kept the Throne
Making no Crime of *Ancestours* her own.

Then She the Action at the *Boyn* descri'd,
How *Cesar*, and his *Fortune*, stemm'd the Tide:
How, like the *God of War*, he Terror spread,
While to sure Victory his Troops he led.
To future Fights She followed on the View,
And amidst thousands his *Distinction* knew.

Fear hardly ever touch'd her tender Breast,
Whatever Dangers on her *Warrior* press'd;
She saw his *Angel* brightning all around,
Healing, if not diverting, every Wound;
Discern'd the numerous Trophies yet in store,
Till *humbled France* of him shall Peace implore.

Thence, to her raptur'd intellectual Eye,
A more delightful Scene did open lie:
The many Years She numbred by her Smiles,
Peace, and her *Hero*, are to bless the Isles,

Which the calm Influence through the World disperse;
 England being Center to the *Universe*.

Tho She foresaw how ill Men were prepar'd,
 T' enjoy th' Advantages they might have shar'd;
 And that She must be hast'ned from our Eyes,
 Before we should her Vertues duly prize;
 Pretended Friends would her *Usurpreys* call,
 Or let a Vail o're her best Actions fall;
 The Prospect of the Good that will ensue,
 The many Suns with Blessings to renew;
 While He, who next to Heaven possess'd her Heart,
 Like that, to all Mankind shall Good impart;
 Made her not feel the *Thorns* about her Crown,
 Nor could her Enemies extort a Frown.
 Could She have Nature forc'd to be severe,
 They would have been converted by their Fear.

Yet She in this follow'd *Her Saviour*,
 Who shewing more his Goodness than his Power,
 Was disesteem'd by the *Rebellious Jews*,
 Who did their King, ordain'd by God, refuse.
 Had either been what *Samuel* had foretold,
 The *Manner* of the most should Empire hold;
 Our Murm'ers had been hush'd with those of old.

The Malice of the *Jews* Triumphant was,
 When Christ to his Celestial Throne did pass:

But Men, through Ages of their Miserie;
 What 'tis to fight against God's Pleasure see :
 Our *Kings*, and *Queens*, of *Saxon Blood* he chose ;
 The *Danes*, † and *Normans*, on that Title rose :
 In our departed *Queen*, and present *King*,
 The best of all that Race he did to Empire bring.

Who would not this kind Gift of Heav'n receive,
 Too late will at their Opposition grieve :
 They fancy'd, that our *Sov'rain's* Pow'r decreas'd,
 As soon as the soft Partnership had ceas'd :
 Not knowing, that the Beams of Light diffus'd,
 To yield less Force than when contracted us'd :
 Who glory that their Interest now revives,
 May want an Intercession for their Lives;
 Of ¶ which for *Omen* they his End may take,
 Who breath'd his last, as he his Boast did make :
 Death stopp'd his Curses, and his fatal Joy ;
 God did for this no Instrument employ ;
 Shewing how that blind Party shall it self destroy.

Some think that *Miracles* were out of date,
 Since the first Ages of the Christian State:
 They at the *Martyrs Tombs*, believe 'em wrought,
 In Confirmation of the Truths they taught:

But

† Consult the old Historians which mention the Claim of the Danes; and the Right of *William I.* ¶ A known Story in the News Letters; for the Truth of which, Verse needs no Voucher.

But when new Doctrines set up for *Divine*,
 For their Confusion may not Wonders shine;
 So long the World with *Torism* was o're-run,
 Conviction with so powerful Spells they shun;
 That their *Magicians* will with most prevail
 Till their fierce *Serpent's* swallow'd with its fiery Tail.
 For all the Wonders of the blooming *Red*,
 Men murmur'd soon at *Moses* and his *God*;
 Such we have here, Men of a slavish Mind,
 Like * *Russian Wives*, griev'd at a Pow'r that's kind:
 These the *Egyptian* Leeks and Garlick chuse,
 Before the *Manna*, those Celestial Dews:
 Heav'n to the Wicked would no Heav'n be found,
 Till it their former Thoughts and Habits drown'd:
 Hence, the old Instruments of lawless Might,
 Keep such a pother with a vanish'd Right.
 A Right t' enslave all but the *Sacred Tribe*,
 Who liv'd to curse the Rules they did prescribe:
 Till their *Artillery* on themselves was turn'd,
 They the apparent Mischief never learn'd.
 The *Pulpits* then join'd with the *People's Voice*,
 And a *Deliv'rance* was the *General Choice*.
 But when the bloodless Work of *Heav'n* was wrought,
 The Battel being before by *William's* Angel fought;

Who
 the Rise of William I. A known Story in the News Letters; for the Truth
 of which, Verre needs no Voucher.

* Vid. Barclay's *Icon Animorum*.

Who back to *Acheron* † drove the Prince of th' Air,
 Leaving the conjuring Jesuits to despair;
 Since which they can't their *Belzebub* excite,
 But some weak Ghost, impatient of the Light;
 That Light which over King and Queen did spread,
 And now unites upon the *Hero's* Head;
 The Jesuits, and their Fiends, appearing weak,
 Mad Church-men to supply their Places seek.

Now see we the last Efforts of that Rage,
 Which has turmoil'd the World in ev'ry Age:
 But shall we ne're have Peace till Priests have Power,
 Till to a || Defolation they devour?
 The Blessings which our *Queen* bequeath'd these Isles,
 Surely, in time will free us from their Wiles:
 All private Interest shall to publick yield,
 And *William* long a peaceful Scepter weild:
 The Thoughts of mighty Toils and Triumphs past,
 And their Effects, which shall to Ages last;
 Will by Degrees the Pow'r of Grief destroy,
 Fitting his Heart to bear new Heights of Joy.

In the mean while the gen'ral Loss we mourn,
 A Loss through future Hopes more calmly born:
 Great *Cæsar* wants her to divide his Care,
 Employ his Love, and in his Vict'ries share:

C

The

† *Flebere si nequeant superos, Acheronta movebunt. || Solitudinem faciunt, & pacem vocant.*

The Nation her desires in *Cæsar's* stead,
 While he must the Confed'rate Armies head:
 The Frailty of her Sex her Pattern needs,
 (For far a living Rule the dead exceeds)
 Yet the Impression was so sweetly strong,
 It cannot but with most continue long.
 Nature and Grace a kind Contention had,
 Which should most charmingly reduce the Bad:
 To be particular a Wrong would be,
 Where ev'ry Grace presides, why name we two or three?

Yet if Indefinites may have Degrees,
 What the Ascendant had one plainly sees:
 It was the Love of God, and of his Cause,
 Free from vain Frights, and superstitious Awes:
 Th' Effect of which, the most conspicuous known,
 Was her Accession to the British Throne:
 This long was mark'd for a Grand * Epoch;
 Hence date we Rome's and Tyranny's Decay:
 And late Posterity shall praise that Hour,
 When She redeem'd us from her Father's Pow'r.

To Filial Duty none had more Regard,
 But yet the † *Corban* call'd for the Reward:

He.

* Vid. Lord Napier's Comment on the Revelations, marking the Year 1688 for a wonderful Revolution. † Those Texts which condemn the too frequent Use of the word *Corban* by some of the Jews, who refus'd to relieve Parents, upon Pretence that Estates were given to more pious Uses; by no Means recommend the Support of Parents in their Luxury, or Lust of Power.

Her Bounty to a Nation prostrate cast,
 Was so much in God's Treas'ry wisely plac'd.
 When God was to promulge a general Law,
 And a Description of himself to draw,
 That fit Idea's Men of him might frame,
 Suted to the true Import of his Name;
 That of *Deliv'rer* from old Bonds he took:
 A Rule on which *Princes* should often look.
 She follow'd thus the *Pattern in the Mount*,
 A *Form* not valu'd in the *Church-Account*.
 Ye will forgive me, ye deserving few!
 That I so often give the rest their Due.
 But since the hottest against *James* his Reign,
 Still linger after their accustom'd Chain;
 I well may say, many now praise the Queen,
 Whose Vertues, while she liv'd, but mov'd their Spleen.

* They think their Lips all Knowledge must contain;
 And this Imagination turns the Brain.
 In Nations which the Gospel-Light obey,
 Preaching is less a Duty than to pray;
 Where God, or Nature, Death's Alarm may sound,
 And spirit'al Balm to give according to the Wound:
 Yet if the settled Form reach not the Grief,
 The Party dies without the due Relief.
 But tell it not in *Gath*, or *Askalon*,
 Lest from our *Priests* by *Baal's* the Prize be won;
 That He † should plead his Fears to quit the Queen,
 Who, but for Her, had a poor Curate been.

What

* Bringing in a Comparison between the C——n, said to have refus'd to come near the Queen in her last Sicknels; with a young *Gentlewoman*, who would have ventur'd her Life to abate the Queen's Distemper. † A known Story, not made by the Writer.

What had his Life been worth, unless by *Her*? *Wanting* till
 Before a Nation's Life he'l his prefer. *Q* in much of *W*
 Except a *Priest*, that Man, or Woman, name, *W* do *Q* and *W*
 Would not have sacrific'd to endless Fame, *W* do *Q* and *W*
 By running to the jaws of certain Death, *W* do *Q* and *W*
 Could they by that hope to prolong her *Death*, *W* do *Q* and *W*
 Which hovering *Angels* waited to convey, *W* do *Q* and *W*
 From her infected *House* of mould'ring Clay, *W* do *Q* and *W*
 To the pure *Regions* of eternal Day: *W* do *Q* and *W*
 Those *Regions*, which *She* ever kept in sight, *W* do *Q* and *W*
 Where was her *Converse*, and * *severe Delight*: *W* do *Q* and *W*
 Like † *Solar Rays*, while *She* the *Earth* did chear, *W* do *Q* and *W*
She, with the *Fountain* of her *Light*, was there; *W* do *Q* and *W*
 And now is but drawn up into her *Sphere*, *W* do *Q* and *W*
 Nor is more *Praise* to || *Curtius* due than thee, *W* do *Q* and *W*
 Thou *Virgin* of immortal *Memorie*! *W* do *Q* and *W*
 Who in thy *Bloom* of Youth, and Beauty's *Pride*, *W* do *Q* and *W*
 Proffer'dst to take th' *Infection* from her *Side*, *W* do *Q* and *W*
 Through all thy *Pores* to let the *Venom* in, *W* do *Q* and *W*
 Heav'n to thy self, to us our *Queen*, to win: *W* do *Q* and *W*
 A *Queen*, who, though short was her *Empire* here, *W* do *Q* and *W*
 A *Queen* ||| shall be, for ev'ry circling *Year*, *W* do *Q* and *W*
 As long as Men a *Monarchy* shall chuse, *W* do *Q* and *W*
 Or seek the *Faults* of *Princes* to excuse. *W* do *Q* and *W*

* *Vid. Seneca's Epistles, Verum gaudium est aliquid severum.* † *Ib. Quomodo
 modum radii solis contingunt quidem terras; sed ibi sunt unde mittuntur.* || Who in
 the time of a great Earthquake freely shot the *Gulph* to procure a *Stop* to it; ac-
 cording to the Interpretation put upon some of the *Sibylline Verses*, which the
 Romans used to consult upon dangerous Emergencies. ||| *Vid. Hor. Carm. l. 4.
 Ode 9.*

*Consul non unius anni,
 Sed quoties bonus atque fidus
 Iudex, honestum prætulit utili, &*

*Rejecit alto dona nocentium
 Fultu: & per obstantes catervas
 Explicuit sua victor arma.*